

In Your Store

Proper display is essential in making sales. Don't use an illuminant that gives wrong color values if you want to hold your trade. **ELECTRIC LIGHT** is the correct light.

In Your Home

You should have the best light, the cleanest and the safest. **ELECTRIC LIGHT** does not vitiate the air, and therefore becomes a necessity in the bed room.

For Specific Work

Such as Sewing, Drawing, Study or Reading, it is invaluable.

We will wire up your house at actual cost.
Send for the Electric Man.

PARIS ELECTRIC LIGHT CO.

S. L. ALLEN, - - - Manager.

Love versus Law.

By C. B. LEWIS.

Copyright, 1906, by E. C. Parcells.

They came face to face as they turned a bend in the rough and narrow trail leading up the Cumberland mountains to Laurel Cove, and both stopped and stared for half a minute before the young man raised his hat and excused his absentmindedness. The young woman blushed, stammered a reply and passed on, and in a minute the trees and bushes hid them from each other.

The one everybody for five miles around knew as Abe Goodman's daughter Tilda. The other had just appeared in the neighborhood, claiming to be a botanist and a naturalist, and had secured a temporary home at the cabin of Saul Markham. For the last two years Tilda had been down to Nashville, "being educated," as her father and mother put it, and was now teaching the dozen children of the mountaineers in the log schoolhouse which the young man had passed forty rods before meeting her.

Tilda had come from mountaineer stock. Her father was rough, uncouth and ignorant. Her mother was uneducated and plain. The girl had lived in poverty, surrounded by poverty, and yet she was like none of the rest. Nature had given her a good figure and a handsome face, and the time spent in the city had made what the natives called, a lady of her. The astonishment of the young man, who had given his name as Arthur Griggs, was but natural.

The stranger who goes among the people of the southern mountains is from the outset a suspected man, and the first suspicion which rests on him is that he must be a revenue spy.

Revenue men have raided and destroyed scores of stills in the caves and ravines and sent scores and scores of moonshiners to the penitentiary, but other stills are brought in, and other men take the places of those who have fallen under the ban of the law. It was so thirty years ago; it is so today; it will be so thirty years hence. The mountaineer argues that he is a law unto himself. He argues that he has a right to live. He argues that where he has no market for his corn or corn he has a right to turn it into whisky to make a market. The government does not argue with him. It sends men into the mountains to break up his business and imprison him. The moonshiner works in secret. So does the government. He depends upon the honor of his neighbors not to give him away. The revenue men coax, threaten, bribe and work in every underhand way to get an advantage. The enmity is more bitter than in the personal feuds. When the mountaineer goes down to the towns, he is trailed about, cross questioned, made drunk, if possible, and his wife or his children are offered money to betray him.

When the revenue men send a spy up the mountains to nose out and report on stills, he takes his life in his hands. He may go as a buyer of timber or coal or iron lands, as a traveler, peddler or artist, as a fur buyer, preacher or newspaper man, but the shadow of death walks by his side until he has proved himself all right. In that case he is heard of again down in the lowlands. In the other case he is reported as missing.

A botanist and a naturalist from Harvard was what Griggs claimed to be, and he was taken into the cabin of the mountaineer without question. There was no undue curiosity about him. He was free to come and free to

go. As the neighbors were introduced to him they seemed to accept him as Saul Markham had done. He walked about in contentment and slept in peace. He did not know that he never moved a hundred feet from the cabin door without being under surveillance; that every action was watched; that men whom he had never seen looked in on him when he slept; that other men gathered together in the laurel thickets and reported on him and discussed him.

Young Griggs shot squirrels and hares and gathered flowers and plants and sought to make friends with all. Among those plain and hospitable people it was an easy matter for him to bring about an acquaintanceship with Tilda. Two days after meeting her on the trail they knew each other. The girl was pleased when she saw admiration in the young man's eyes. She was pleased when he dared to flatter and to compliment. She knew little of the world and its hollowess. If the mountaineer said this or that, he meant it. She had to judge others by this standard.

It was only after the newcomer and Tilda were being talked about as lovers that the watch on Griggs was relaxed. He had set no time for departing, but after a month it was seen that his work was finished and that he was staying on account of the girl. Abe Goodman asked no questions of the young man, and the mother asked none of her daughter. Suspicious and distrustful as the mountaineers were, they had been fooled. The newcomer was a revenue spy, working with the promise of a great reward. He had rehearsed his part for months before playing it. He had counted on everything but meeting Tilda. There had been admiration from the first, and love had soon followed. Within two weeks there had sprung up in his breast a conflict 'twixt love and duty, and it was for this reason he lingered.

He was not what he claimed to be, and yet he was the girl's superior in all ways. It was her ingenuousness and innocence that appealed to him. He had come to betray, and yet he could not do it. He loved, and yet he hesitated to go further. More education and refinement, more contact with the world, and she would be a woman to be proud of, and yet there was her ancestry—the impossible in the environments that had surrounded her for so many years and must have their due effects.

When a man trusts a woman, he has faith. When a woman trusts a man, she has none. She is ready to give her whole life to him. Arthur Griggs knew that he had won the maiden's love, and it was for him to make a choice. Should he return and betray the stills hidden away in Laurel Cove and then disappear and be seen no more, or should he report that none existed and take away a mountain bride and the good will of the lovely people? Love carried the day. It was to the credit of human sentiment that it was so. But before this determination was reached the young man walked alone on the mountains. No one followed him this day. It was Sunday, and the mountaineers were smoking their pipes as they rested. Their suspicions had been lulled. They had kept their eyes open and whispered among themselves—whispered and smiled. On this day, as he walked under the giant chestnuts and made his way through the laurels, young Griggs came upon a man. The revenue force had grown impatient with his dilatory tactics and had sent an emissary to see and question him. The two talked for half an hour as they leaned against the trunk of a great tree at the edge of a thicket. When they separated, the revenue man knew that nothing further could be expected from the spy. He had shut his eyes to all but the song of love. It had been useless to talk to him of duty. He had gone as a spy, but had sold the government out.

After the talk Griggs walked away a few rods and sat down on a rock from which he could see far down the side of the grim old mountain. He could count the cabins of the mountaineers scattered about, and he could look down into Beaver Cove and Halfway Cove and Halpin's Hamlet. It was a day of peace, with the smoke ascending as straight as an arrow and the birds singing and the squirrels chattering about him. He felt good. There was a burden off his mind and joy in his heart now that he had made his decision. In the evening he would see Tilda and tell her that he loved her. In the evening he would see her father and ask her hand in marriage. He was smiling as his eyes roved over the landscape beneath him when a step caused him to turn his head.

"Tilda, you here!" he cried as he sprang to his feet with the light of love in his eyes and his arms outstretched.

She drew herself up and waved him away.

"But, Tilda, what is it?" She was pale, and hard lines had come into her face. The girl look was searched for in vain. There was suffering in her eyes, but determination in the compressed lips.

"I was in the thicket when you talked with that man—dad and I," she said at last. "Dad has gone for his rifle to shoot you like a dog. I am here to tell you to go."

"But if you heard us talking you know that I would not agree to what the man wanted."

"You came here as a spy. If you hadn't fallen in love with me you would have betrayed my own father. In love with me! I in love with a revenue spy! Go!"

"But listen, Tilda. If I came here under false pretenses I'm—"

"We are poor and humble," she interrupted as she drew her skirts away from him. "We are plain and uneducated. We have nothing before us—nothing but this to look forward to. You are learned, and you may be rich. You have the whole world before you, and you know how to be happy, but the meanest, lowest one among our men is a king beside you! Go!"

He paused for ten seconds in hopes to see her face soften, but it was like stone. She motioned again, and he went. In five minutes he was out of sight down the side of the mountain, and rough old Abe Goodman was standing over his weeping daughter and saying to her in sympathetic tones: "Thar, thar, little one, don't cry. The Lawd made women to b'ar crosses and to stand trouble, and if you'll just look up to him he'll bring you into smooth waters and send along a feller of a husband with forty horses and kertridges."

A Little Indefinite.

A prominent New York lawyer says that in his earlier professional days he was glad to expand his slender income by bill collecting. On one occasion he had a bill against a man who incidentally has since achieved a success which puts him beyond the necessity of such an indefinite statement as he made on that occasion. The young lawyer found him with his feet propped upon his desk, while he gazed dreamily at the ceiling through a cloud of tobacco smoke.

"But, really, sir, I must insist that you give me some definite idea as to when you will settle," the lawyer said after having been gently rebuffed.

The author consented to lower his eyes and to wave his pipe languidly.

"Why, certainly, sir, though there seems to me to be a rather unnecessary commotion about this trifling," he drawled. "I will pay the bill as soon as I think of it after receiving the money which a publisher will pay me in case he accepts the novel which I will write and send him just as soon as I feel in an energetic mood after a really good idea for a plot has occurred to me."—Harper's Weekly.

Echo Verses.

Echo verses were sometimes used effectively for epigrams and squibs. Thus a critic once wrote: "I'd fain praise your poem. But, tell me, how is it?" When I cry out "exquisite" echo cries "quizzical!"

And when in 1831 Paganini was drawing crowds to the opera house at extravagant prices the Times printed the following lines:

What are they who pay three guineas To hear a tune of Paganini's? Echo—Pack of ninnies!

—London Graphic.

Youthful Misinformation.

Among the answers to questions at a recent school examination were the following interesting examples of youthful misinformation: "Gross ignorance is 144 times as bad as just ordinary ignorance." "Anchorite, an old fashioned hermit sort of a fellow who has anchored himself to one place." "The liver is an infernal organ." "Vacuum is nothing with the air sucked out of it put up in a pickle bottle. It is very hard to get."

Only Two in Office.

A man in a certain township was elected constable. The members of the family were much elated and could scarcely contain themselves with their newly acquired civic honors. At last one of the smaller children said to the wife, "Ma, are we all constables?" The mother replied: "Gwan, child! Nobody's constable but me and your pa!"—Acheson Globe.

The Real Cause.

Tommy—What was your bawlin' about last night?

Willie—W'y, when paw and me got some 'from fishin' maw didn't have supper ready, and I whimpered about it, and paw licked me.

And he licked you jist fer whimperin'?"

"Naw; because supper wasn't ready."

Master Commissioner's Sale

—OF—

Valuable Bourbon County LAND!

BOURBON CIRCUIT COURT.
N. C. Fisher, Guardian of Martha H. Rogers, etc., - - - Plaintiff
Vs.—Notice of Sale.
Bessie Rogers, etc., - - - Defendants

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale made and entered in the above styled action at the November, 1905, term of the Bourbon Circuit Court, the undersigned Master Commissioner of the Bourbon Circuit Court, will sell at public auction to the highest and best bidder the land hereinafter described, on

Monday, March 4th, 1907,

being County Court Day, at Courthouse door in city of Paris, Kentucky, at about the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., upon credits of six and twelve months for equal parts of the purchase money, the purchaser or purchasers will be required to execute bonds with good surety payable to the undersigned Master Commissioner, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum from day of sale until paid, said bonds to have the force and effect of judgments. The land to be sold is described as follows:

A tract of land containing 46.88 acres situated in Bourbon County, Kentucky, on the waters of Houston creek, about 14 miles west of Paris and bounded as follows:

Beginning at A, a stone in Mrs. Silas E. Bedford's line and corner to Mrs. Annie Pritchard, thence S 27, E 16.48 chains to B, a stone, corner to said Bedford in a line of the Holler heirs; thence S 47, W 6.17 chains to C, a stake corner to said heirs; thence S 62, E 7.72 chains to D, a stake corner to same; thence S 19, W 1.22 chains to E, a wild cherry tree, a corner to same; thence S 68, W 3.21 chains to F, a stake corner to James Allison and Mrs. John Wright; thence N 23, W 13.76 chains to G, a stone corner to said Wright; thence S 87, W 40.36 chains to H, a stone in Wm. Clark's line, a corner to said Wright; thence N 34, E 3.14 chains to I, a stone corner to said Pritchard; thence with her line N 78, E 48.25 chains to the beginning, containing 50.90 acres; from this there is to be deducted and excepted 4.02 acres, occupied by the Frankfort & Cincinnati railroad, leaving 46.88 acres.

Said land will be first offered in tracts, Nos. 1, 2 and 3, separately and then as a whole, and the best bid or bids aggregating the most money accepted.

Said parcels are described as follows:

3.14 A.

Beginning at J, a stake in the south margin of the right of way of the F. & C. R. R. in Wm. Clark's line, thence with his line S 34, W 1.33 chains to H, a stone corner to Mrs. John Wright; thence with her line N 87, E 31.38 chains to L, a stake in the south margin of said railroad; thence along railroad with the south margin N 81 W 4.42 chains; thence S 88, W 26.93 chains to the beginning, containing 3.14 acres.

3.93 A.

2. Beginning in the north margin of said railroad at N, a stake in a line of the Holler heirs, thence with their line crossing the railroad and then Houston Creek, S 67 E 5.40 chains to D, a stake corner to said heirs; thence S 19, W 1.22 chains to E, a wild cherry tree, a corner to same; thence S 65, W 3.21 chains to F, a stake corner to James Allison and Mrs. John Wright; thence with said Wright's line crossing Houston creek N 23, W 13.17 chains to M, a stake in the north margin of railroad; thence with the north margin of said railroad S 61, E 9.13 chains to the beginning, containing 4.81 acres; from this amount there is to be deducted and excepted 88-100 of acre occupied by the railroad, leaving 3.93 acres.

39.81 A.

3. Beginning at A, a stone corner to Mrs. Pritchard in Mrs. S. E. Bedford's line; thence with her line S 27, E 16.48 chains to B, a stone corner to said Bedford in a line of the Holler heirs; S 47, W 6.17 chains to C, a stake corner to said heirs; thence S 62, E 7.72 chains to N, a stake at entrance to lane in the north margin of the right of way of the F. & C. railroad; thence with the north margin of the right of way of said railroad N 61, W 9.13 chains to M, a stake in Mrs. John Wright's line; thence N 23, W 5.59 chains to G, a stone corner to said Wright; then S 87, W 8.98 chains, crossing railroad to L, a stake in the south margin of same; thence with the south margin of railroad, N 81, W 4.42 chains to R; thence S 88, W 26.93 chains to J, a stake in Clark's line, thence crossing railroad and with said Clark's line N 34, E 3.14 chains to I, a stone corner to Pritchard; then with her line N 78, E 48.25 chains to the beginning, containing 42.96 acres; from this amount there is to be deducted 3.14 acres, occupied by the Frankfort & Cincinnati railroad, leaving 39.81 acres.

The share of the infant defendant, Caroline Logan, being one-fourth, shall remain a lien upon the land until she becomes twenty-one years of age, or until a guardian execute the bond required by the Section 493 of the Civil Code of Practice.

RUSSELL MANN, M. C. B. C. C.
T. E. Moore, McMillan & Talbot, Attorneys.
5-3t-eot

Administrator's Notice!

All persons having claims against the estate of Dr. R. T. Wood will present same properly proven as required by law. Those knowing themselves indebted to the estate will please settle at once.

MARGARET C. WOOD,
Administratrix of Estate of Dr. R. T. Wood, deceased.
Harmon Stitt, Attorney.

If You Try

Father William's Indian Herb Tea, or Herb Tablets and do not find them the best medicines you ever used for Constipation, Torpid Liver, Sick Kidneys, Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Nausea, Indigestion, Biliousness, Malaria, Dizziness and Bad Breath, we will refund the money.

They work day and night and you get up in the morning feeling like new person.

Try them 20 cents, Tea or Tablets. For sale by W. T. Brooks.

Bargains in REAL ESTATE For Sale.

I have listed the following property for sale:

Two Cottages on West street. Four large rooms each, halls, porches, cistern, good stable; lots 50x100 feet.

Farm of 153 acres near Centerville; all in grass except 25 acres. Brick residence, good barns and all other out buildings.

Another farm of 47 7-10 acres, on the Russell Cave pike, 8 miles from Paris, 10 from Lexington. New tobacco barn. Other buildings are good.

should be glad to show you these places at any time. Prices right.

Call on or address

R. W. BECRAFT,

2nd Floor Wilson Building.
E. T. Phone 748.

GEO. W. DAVIS,
FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND LICENSED EMBALMER.
BOTH PHONES—DAY 137; NIGHT 299.

HEMP WANTED.

Highest Market Price paid for Hemp.
Hemp Brakes For Sale.

Chas. S. Brent & Bro.,
PARIS, KENTUCKY.
Both Phones 14.

NEW SALOON!

The finest of Whiskies, Wines, Beers, Cigars, Etc., can be found at the New Saloon, corner of Main and 10th Streets, lately purchased by

T. F. BRANNON.

Messrs. JOS. MULLANEY and PHIL DEIGNAN, the popular bartenders, are in charge of the place, and invite their friends to call.

IT'S WIEDEMANN.

NO BEER AS GOOD AS THAT GOOD BEER, WIEDEMANN.

For Sale at All First-Class Saloons.
Recommended as Best for Family Use.

LYONS' SALOON,
Wholesale Agent, Paris, Ky.

INDIGESTION'S RECORD



"The best remedy I can prescribe for your indigestion, madam, is Green's August Flower. I know of several other physicians who prescribe it regularly."

Indigestion is making an awful record as a cause of sudden deaths. It is beating heart-failure in its ghastly harvest. You read in the papers daily of apparently healthy and even robust men being suddenly attacked with acute indigestion after enjoying a hearty meal, and of their dying in many cases before a physician could be called in.

This should be a warning to you who suffer with regular or periodical attacks of indigestion. If these unfortunate victims of acute indigestion had taken a small dose of Green's August Flower before or after their meals they would not have fallen a prey to such sudden seizures. August Flower prevents indigestion by creating good digestion. It also regulates the liver, purifies the blood and tones up the entire system in a natural way.

Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

G. S. VARDEN & SON, Paris, Ky.

MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS

Safe and reliable, they overcome weakness, increase vigor, banish pains. No remedy equals Dr. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS. Sold by Druggists and Dr. Mott's Chemical Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

For sale by Oberdorfer.

ELITE BARBER SHOP.
GARL - GRAWFORD,
Proprietor.

Cold and Hot Baths.

FIVE CHAIRS - NO WAITS.

Only First-Class Barbers Employed.